

T W O

DITHYRAMBIC ODES.

I. ON ENTHUSIASM.

II. TO LAUGHTER.

B Y

THE AUTHOR OF RIMES.

John Pinkerton.

Lege solutis.

Numerisque fertur

HOR.

L O N D O N,
P R I N T E D F O R C. D I L L Y.
M D C C L X X I I.

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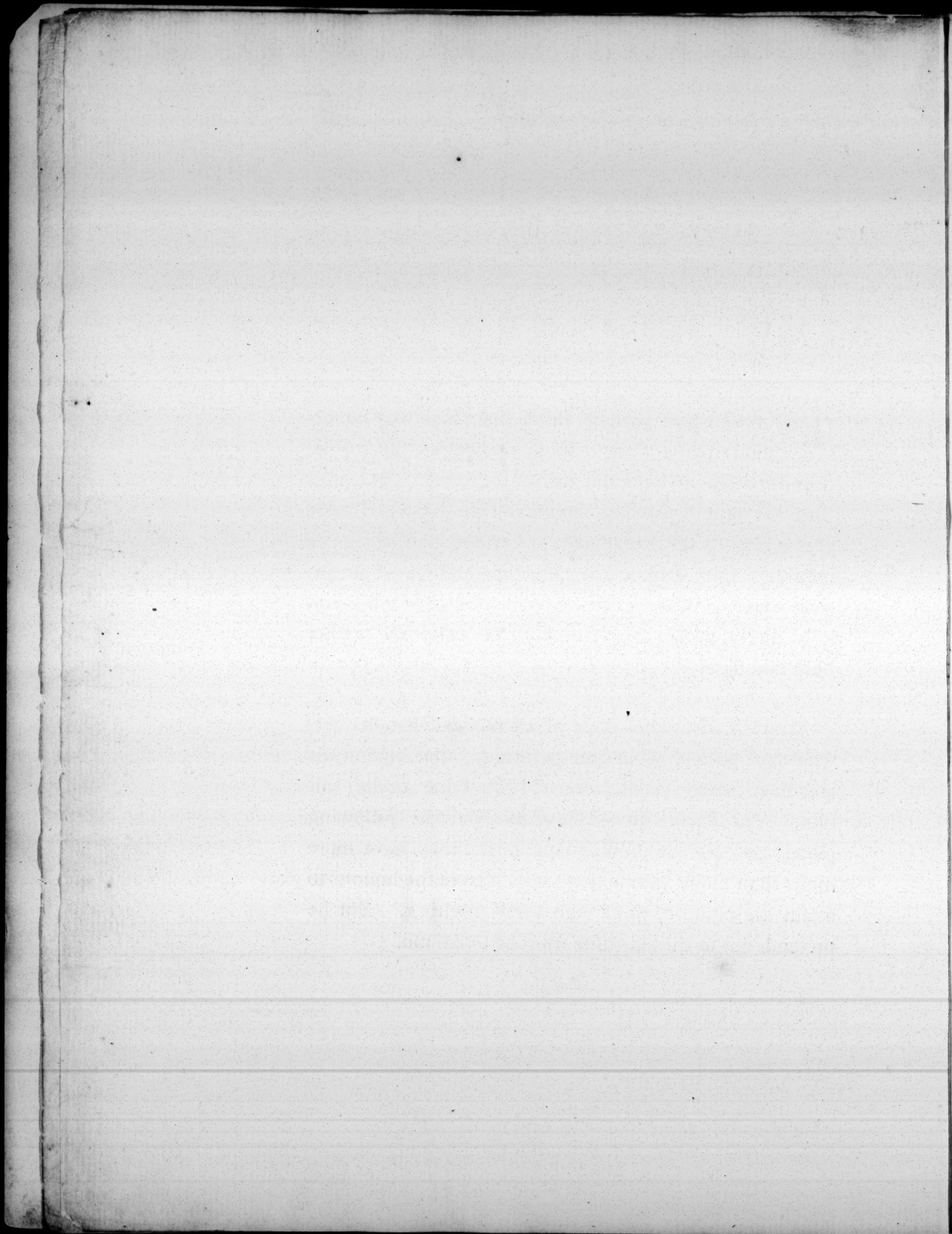
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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE reader may perhaps think that there was no occasion to give a new title to these Odes, the former denomination of Irregular being sufficient. But, ever since the days of Cowley, Irregular Odes have had more pretensions to the irregularity of chaos than to that of nature. The Author has therefore restored their ancient name. When a title becomes a badge of indignity, it is surely proper to refuse it. Yet titles are neither here nor there.

The Italians, who alone of all modern nations feel what real poetry, what real painting, what real music are, have many productions of high fame under this title. The flames would have received the following pieces, had not the Author known that they have more merit than many productions, which have the honour to attain the praise of those who know nothing. But he pretends not to the exquisite spirit of Poliziano.



DITHYRAMBIC ODE I.

ON ENTHUSIASM.

SHADES of poets blest!
That oft my dreams,
With rapturous gleams
Of glory, have possest;
Appear, appear, appear!
If yet the mortal vow ye hear,
O hither, from your mansions bright,
O hither bend your speedy flight;
While light and odours float around,
And harps unseen empyreal airs resound.

Say, from what living spring
Descends the flood of fame,
That bears your sacred strains along
The vales and echoing mountains o'er

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Of

Of each admiring shore;
 While empires all prolong,
 In every varied speech, the wonders of your song;
 And languages, that have as yet no name,
 Their tributary rills shall bring
 To swell the lordly stream?

Say, from what mighty cause
 Is heard the high applause,
 That you the distant climes,
 That you the distant times,
 With adoration have confessed
 Gods of the human breast;
 And, moved with filial awe,
 Have bent their sense and feeling to your law;
 And noblest homage brought,
 The homage of the thought?
 Enthusiasm was that spring!
 Enthusiasm was the cause

Why

Why heard that high applause!

Enthusiasm, race divine! did all those honours bring!

Ye chief of former days, whose daring vows addressed
 Nature ere hid in Fashion's speckled vest;
 When she, great goddess, in her prime,
 Her virgin fancies played at will,
 Fancies surpassing mortal skill;
 And with her sons held colloquy sublime,
 By hallowed fount with verdant gloom o'ergrown,
 Or in the whispering vale, or desert mountain lone;
 While forms of heaven not unseen
 With fairy footsteps paced the green,
 And in mystic notes conveyed
 Things secret from the human thought or eye.
 Full oft, such is thy will, O Poesy!
 Where vulgar minds discern nought, save the shade,
 The wise the fun descry*.

* Qualor di Pindo le Reine accolgo,
 Il fortunato mi o lieto soggiorno
 S'empie di luce intorno,
 Che splende ai faggi, e si fa nebbia al volgo. GUIDI.

For oft the sun will shroud
His flames behind a cloud.

And, Sages, ye whose eloquence divine
Would, with a golden chain,
The hearer's soul restrain,
And bear to every Passion's distant shrine.
Whose thunder shook the throne
Of each barbaric lord;
Tho by deluded myriads prone
Of trembling slaves adored.
Whose lucid art of life illumed the plan;
And heavenly Wisdom brought to dwell with man.

Without thy fierce controul,
Enthusiasm, foul of the rapt soul!
Picture in vain bids her creation rise;
Music in vain her vocal skill applies;
In night the fair creation lies;

The bidden airs sleep in the fullen shell,
 Till thou their birth impell.
 At thy command the glowing forms appear:
 At thy command the strains enchant the ear.

Thy praise may every art,
 And science fair impart;
 For all to thee their richest lustre owe.
 From thee all attributes of mind
 That to gods exalt mankind;
 All deeds immortal flow.

Hark, hark! The fouds of conflict rise;
 What light divine illumines that sacred field,
 Leonidas! where thy devoted few
 Their fatal falchions drew:
 And of their carcases composed a shield,
 Their country to protect from dastard enemies!
 In Freedom's holy hand
 Their radiant banner flew:

Before the godlike band
 Her rousing trump Enthusiasm blew.

When bold Colombo dared the watery realm
 A world unknown to find;
 Enthusiasm held the helm,
 And with fresh vigor stored his ardent mind.
 Till rose the wished shore,
 Where empires lost to fame before,
 Where golden cities shone,
 And shrines of other sacred powers;
 Groves of new pomp, and meads of other flowers,
 And other music from the copse was blown.

Oh goddess! if one happy clime
 Remains yet secret from the Muse,
 Thy blessed influence diffuse,
 O lend thy votary thy aid sublime,
 By art's just compass, and by fancy's gale,
 There to direct his daring sail,
 And treasures bring unknown in former time!

DITHYRAMBIC ODE II.

TO LAUGHTER.

THE violet that in the lonely stream

Beholds her humble head,

Tho faved from icy breeze or sultry beam,

Her fragrant leaves must shed.

Along the stream that fed

Her life, the fragrant leaves are tost,

Till in the ruthless ocean lost.

Meet emblem of man's fading joy,

That, tho faved from all annoy,

On time's inevitable wave

Still hastens to the grave!

To taste the fragrance of the flower,

And not the flower destroy,

Is wisdom. Haste, the fleeting hour

Ye race of Mirth employ.

Thou, Laughter, lead the festal band;

Wit and Humour, hand in hand,

Sports

Sports that dance, and Sports that sing,
 Love and Rapture with thee bring.
 Now when merry Spring reposes
 On her bed of balmy roses,
 In fantastic measures revel
 All along the flowery level.

Sweet melody pervades the luminous air*.
 The jocund tribes appear!

My suppliant thy wish declare;
 Lo I wait to hear thy prayer.

While some, tho' wise, in mental gloom
 Their melancholy hours entomb;
 And, from terror of the morrow,
 Waste the given day in sorrow:
 Attend, propitious Power, my claim!
 Do thou invading cares repell:
 With thee, dear goddess, let me dwell,
 And laugh at life's amusing game.

* E una melodia dolce correva
 Per l'aer luminoso——

Dante, Purg.

